

Congratulatory Poem

TO THE
MINISTERS SONS, on their Splendid
FEAST, Thursday *December 7th*, 1682.

REceive a bold unbidden Guest, among
The least, the worst of all your Nobler throng;
Who for admittance only dares to Sue,
Because kind Fate has made him one of you.

When that wise King, whose young, but mighty hand
Bore the vast Scepter of the Sacred Land,
When him and all his Glories time shall rust,
Then you shall be obscur'd with common Dust.

In vain the trembling Atheist would dethrone
That Power, which for his Life he dares not own;
Whilst grateful Heaven its Servants here does grace
With such a worthy, such a generous Race.

In vain on Inspiration t'other dotes,
And humane Learning but a need-not Votes;
Whilst he the Prophets Sons so far may find
Beyond the usual stamp of Humane kind.

More madly *Rome* grants to the Sacred Life
Dozens of Whores, but not one single Wife:
Since from the holy Matrimonial Flame
Of Priests, so great, so brave an Army came.

All here look pure like Truth, like Vertue fair,
And all breath something more than common Air.
Envy look round, and when thy Blood-shot Eye
Can find no Spot, Envy look round and dye.

But as for you, let Plenty pleasure bring,
And Veil you safe beneath her gentle Wing,
'Till from long happy Ages you remove,
And all your bright Forefathers meet above.

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